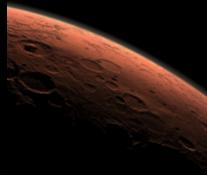




Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

## Blue-02



44 1 4

### Chapter 1 by Noel

In a town just south of Newmerica, there was a boy. Nothing special, just a boy. The boy's name was Gregory Blue. He lived with his two parents and his brother in an average, suburban habitation unit. The family was rather poor, and were living off only the government immigration bonus and Dr. Blue's coal plant job.

Mars had only been inhabited for about 200 hundred years, so its atmosphere wasn't fully developed yet. Dr. Blue was the manager at one of the numerous coal megaplants on the surface. These plants were not meant to generate electricity (although that was a byproduct), but to create billions of cubic miles of carbon dioxide. This would serve as an atmosphere until forests were planted and the atmosphere was stabilized.

### Chapter 2 by Windlion



**\*This story is about Dr. Blue's son. He goes under a scientific experiment and gets a cyborg skeleton thing that glows blue when active. Standard sci-fi superhero story.\***

Wrapped in his blankets and comforting dreams, Blue-02 tried to ignore the day that was calling him.

But it had a very grating voice. One of his parents had turned the source out of reach again so that he would have to dream. See more of Story Wars

As he shivered in the cold, he reached up and pulled the small thermal blanket off his head, pulling his covers over his head. He lay back down, his head against the cold metal of the wall. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep again, but the screen on his head pulled him awake.

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

All just to cross the ten meters to the cleanup module, relieve himself, and stump over to the commons to get his Rations Of The Day.

Blue-02 hated Mars.

He hated having to get up every day and get dressed out just to fill his empty gut. He hated the hissing yellow dust that wrapped around him as he followed the guide rails from module to module, and he hated the small bright star that burned down on him on the few days that the dust cleared.

He hated the planetwide desert. Having learned that growing up in the gentler gravity of Mars made him unable to return to Terra or even tolerate high-gee space travel, he hated his fathers and wished that he had never been born.

At least Blue-02 understood why he had volunteered to risk moving his brain into a mechanical body. If Blue-01 wanted someone to run his damn dirty old CO<sub>2</sub> plant, he could just go hire someone on Terra.

Blue-02 had bigger plans.

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

**ⓘ You need to login before writing - click here**

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Flag as mature receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(cbe2492b119e39e02a1dab2af4a4b296\_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(2f36c159ea3670f7a62f64a4f1cf5c05\_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(97ea327f5be815eae3219211de8871e0\_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)